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Let's Make Love While The Moon Shines

Harris and Robinson

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"LET'S MAKE LOVE WHILE THE MOON SHINES"

By
HARRY I. ROBINSON

WILL ROSSITER'S POPULAR EDITION



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PRICE 25c **WILL ROSSITER**
"THE CHICAGO PUBLISHER"
136 W. LAKE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Vaudeville Prompter

5¢ only publication of its particular kind—a guide and instructor for all amateurs and professionals. If interested in Concert, Minstrel show, Vaudeville or Dramatic performance, or for evening "Stags," you will find THE PROMPTER contains just the material you are looking for. A glance at partial contents will convince you our claims are correct.

No. 1 Parodies

A red-hot bunch of parodies by all the good parody-writers on the following songs: "For Old Times' Sake"; "I Ain't A-Goin' to Weep no More"; "When the Harvest Days Are Over"; "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You"; "By Billy Jerome"; "I Can't Tell Why I Love You, but I Do"; "A Bird in a Gilded Cage"; "The Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee"; "By Billy Jerome"; "The Blue and the Gray"; "I've Waited, Honey, Waited Long for You"; "Just One Girl"; and "She Certainly Was Good to Me"—each by Billy Jerome; "Faint Rose of Red," etc. Also the German version of "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You," with the proper pronunciation in English.

Conversations, Get-Backs, Epitaphs, etc.

"Conversation in One," for two males, written by E. P. Moran, is a positive hit. If you are looking for good hot Get-Backs, here they are, for male and female—will take from three to seven minutes; can cut to suit time to fill. Following all this a page full of Epitaphs, by Billy Jerome; Jokelets, Epitaphs, by E. P. Moran; Gags—good ones, too—and some comic bits, by Chris Lane, the parody-writer. Then there is "Comic Conversation," for two males, also by Chris Lane. You know him—his stuff always goes. "Comic Epitaphs," by E. P. Moran; quite a bunch of them, too—over twenty-five. Two poems, by Leonine Stanfield—"Good-bye and Good-bye"; and "Sitting Bull Up to Date"; also several illustrated jokelets. "Song Publishers' Fables," No. 1—The Man That Got Next," by Arthur J. Lamb. Hebrew Stories, by E. P. Moran—quite a lot of them, too—enough for you all to pick from. Chris Lane's famous apophony—get it. **A STORY OF SOME AND PLAYS:** "Get-Backs for Male and Female," by E. P. Moran. "Gross-Gagging Song," by Chris Lane; can be sung to "Wearin' of the Green" air. Also a full page of **TIT-BITS: or CINQER FROM THE CINQER-JAR**—for "smokers" or "stag" evenings.

Monologues, Sketches, Crazyisms, etc.

There is enough matter for half a dozen monologues here—all good, original stuff. "A Balm in Gilead," a comic bit; "Why the Elephant Didn't Play the Piano," a laughlet; "Comic Poetry," by E. P. Moran—about six poems; more "Comic Poetry," by Billy Jerome; also "Song Titles," by the same famous author of "He Never Came Back" and "Rosie O'Grady." **LEVI AND ROSINSKI** by E. P. Moran, is a very clever Hebrew dialect act for two, from seven to ten minutes long—genuine laughs from the commencement to when it doesn't keep on any longer. **A LOAD OF COAL**—a comedy sketch, by E. P. Moran, bright and up-to-date in its fifteen minute sketch suitable for any vaudeville program. Among "Crazyisms" there are some excellent two to three minute encores—you can fit 'em in any old place; they are good things to have handy.

Comic Songs, Ballads

In No. 1 are the complete words and music of a clever stage song, **WHAT IS THE USE OF KEEPING A COW?** Words by Carney and Hoon and music by Harry Von Tilzer. A good stage song is **REAL COON DANCING**. Words and music by Chris Lane. You all know how hard it is to get a good song to open a double dancing act—a new one on the "Pasa-ma-la" style. Well, "Real Coon Dancing" is just the thing you are looking for, and it will NOT be published in sheet music form, and is to be found only in The Vaudeville Prompter No. 1. This song has all kinds of good "business" in every line of verses and chorus, and it will pay you to "get up" in it at once. The Great Chinese Mystery, **CHOP SUEY COON SONG**, by Chris Lane, is already being sung by many of the best-known performers in the business, and the quicker you fall into line and spring it the sooner you'll be taking more encores in your act. Don't be a lout, and say it's silly if it's sung to death; get it now and learn it in a hurry.

The ballad success of No. 1 is the great song, **DON'T BE SO ANXIOUS TO RUN DOWN A WOMAN**—a great descriptive song, by W. R. Williams. It contains a story from stage life and defends the women of the stage, and for that reason alone, if no other, it is your plain duty to sing it and boom this song along in every way you can. It's a stronger song than "A Cruel Hiss," so popular many years ago.

Two Important Articles

FIRST CHORUS GIRLS vs. SHOP GIRL. Both sides of the subject are treated fairly and in a masterly manner, and it would be well for the profession if the narrow-minded prudes of this world might read and realize the truth in the lives of these two classes, instead of being contented with their own unworthy impressions. Second, **HOW TO GET ON THE STAGE.** Here is a subject that is dear to the heart of every stage-struck girl or boy, woman or man, the world over. This is a question they have asked not only themselves over and over again, but all their friends and acquaintances—and almost no one ever answers as you want them to. For nine times out of ten do they not throw "ice water" on your pet ambitions and crush your fondest hopes as flat as the proverbial pancake! How to get on the stage is answered in The Vaudeville Prompter No. 1 in good sound common sense, and you for one should read it at once. It may tell you the very thing you have been wanting to know for years.

All the above and much more in No. 1 sent to any address on receipt of

PRICE, 50 CENTS

No. 2 Parodies

A great collection of the best efforts of the best writers. There are an unusually fine lot of parodies on the following songs: Spider and Fly, Blue and Gray Every Race Has a Flag but the Coca, My Hannah Lady, Oh! Oh! Miss Phoebe, Just Because She Made Dem Good-bye Eyes, A Picture no Artist Can Paint, The Man Behind the Gun, When the Harvest Days Are Over, The Hebrew Hod-Carrier (by Billy Jerome, to the tune of It Ain't no Lie), Asleep in the Deep, I Wonder if She's Waiting, Sweet Annie Moore, Good-bye, Dolly Gray, Any Old Place I Hang My Hat Is Home, Sweet Home, to Me (another of Billy Jerome's), etc.

Conversations, Get-Backs, Epitaphs, etc.

Following this red-hot bunch of parodies is a ten-minute conversation. One for two males by the well-known author of stage successes, E. P. Moran. This conversation is bright and clever from start to finish, is O. K. for any male team, and will be a hit on any vaudeville or concert stage. You will do well to get up in it at once. There are a sharp lot of Get-Backs for a male-and-female team, suitable for a two or three minute encore, and it would be wise to be up in it. Epitaphs—eleven of them, and by your favorite, Billy Jerome, so you know they are hits. "Incense," a short but clever little recitation, by Charles Horwitz. More Epitaphs—good ones, too—by E. P. Moran. Also complete words and music of the great stage song, **WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?** Words by Andrew B. Sterling, music by Harry Von Tilzer. This song is a hit for stage work. There are four rattling good verses and four different choruses.

Monologues, Comic Poetry, Recitations, Song Titles, Dialect Pieces, etc.

Under the heading "Monologues" is enough material for several good, first-class monologues; so many good stage stories and funny points that you can pick out just the bits you like and string them together to suit yourself. To those interested these monologues are worth many times the price of the complete number. There are about a dozen funny bits—Song Titles—by E. P. Moran that can be worked in in any old place in an act. Mr. Moran has also some Comic Poetry, among which are several suitable encores. A Dutch dialect piece, "The Observations of Heinie," by George Totten Smith, should be a winner. "Hebrew Stories" are a bunch of hits from first to last, and there are none better anywhere. Here is a sample: "My nephew came to me the other day, and he said: 'Uncle, I've come to ask your advice. I am deeply in love with such a nice little Yiddish girl and I think she loves me, too. Now, the only thing that keeps me back is the fact that she is used to having whatever she wishes. Why, she spends a \$1,000 a year on dresses alone. What would you advise me to do, uncle?' I told him if she pays a \$1,000 a year for dresses, to marry the dressmaker." "Crazyisms" take about five minutes in one. Very good, and a good thing to know. Among the best of the recitations: The Actor's Pipe Dream, Roscoe, Hooey, Hooey, Hooey, de Debl, A Coward, and Miss Muffet Up to Date. A clever burlesque on Sherlock Holmes called **SHYLOCK HOLMES** is a bright little comedy play for six people—four males and two females—and would fit nicely in most any program.

Stage Songs, Ballads, etc.

Also complete sheet music of Chris Lane's coon-song hit, **YOU'D BETTER GET ANOTHER HONEY-BOY**. This song is suitable for most any kind of an act, and it is what we call a "clean" coon song, so it can be used on any bill. Another feature of No. 2 is the new descriptive song, **ONLY A PACE FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE**. Words and music by W. R. Williams, whom you all know as a writer of hits, and no doubt you have often sung his songs—Dying Girl's Request, She's Good Enough for Me, Somebody's Sweetheart, Trying to Live Down the Past, Tell Her I'm a Soldier, etc.—and we positively state this new one, **Only a Pace from the Book of Life**, is one of his very best efforts, and we need for it a phenomenal run. No. 2 also contains a concert ballad hit—**ONE WORD FROM YOU**—one of the sweetest little songs written. If this is not eventually as big a success as Because, or With All Her Faults, then our judgment and experience in picking hits go for naught.

The Art of Facial Make-Up

For Ladies of the Amateur Stage, is a valuable bit of property for the Amateur and Professional alike, as where there is one today who understands the art of "making up" there are hundreds who make themselves the laughing-stock of the audience, with faces made up with an effect like a choice square in a crazy quilt. This article treats the matter in detail, not only telling you how to do it, but telling you just what kind of make-up to use in order to get the best results for the least money. Even if there is nothing else in No. 2 you can use, this one article you need, and we venture to suggest you need it badly.

THIS DOESN'T BEGIN to describe all in No. 2, as it contains hundreds of Gags, Jokes, Funny Bits, etc., impossible to explain, but which you will find to be the greatest lot of valuable information ever put between two covers at

PRICE, 50 CENTS

No. 3 Parodies

Just as expected, No. 3 contains a world of great stage material, and parodies of the following songs: Annie Moore, Go 'Way Back and Sit Down, Sorrow, Mamma, Hello, Ma Baby, When I Think of You, Down where the Cotton Blossoms Grow, My Lady Hotentot, Good-bye, Dolly Gray, Telegram, My Baby, Sweet Annie Moore, Just for Old Times' Sake, Blue and Gray, Coon, Coon, Coon, I'm Tired, He Laid Away a Suit of Gray, etc. The above are by the well-known parody-writers Billy Jerome, E. P. Moran, Vincent P. Bryan, H. A. Bailey, Chris Lane and many others.

Conversations, Get-Backs, Funnyisms, etc.

A Conversation in One, for two males, by E. P. Moran, is unusually bright and clever, and is good on any kind of a bill for five or seven minutes, or you can cut it if you wish. **GET-BACKS**—for two males—is by the same author, who has that way about him of being able to write just what you want. Don't miss the routine of the world as a stage manager, and as a man to write clever things for shows, and rewrite and put shows in good shape—make a hit out of a frost. That being the case, anything you find in print by Lew H. Carroll you can bet your last meal ticket is all O. K. Following this we offer a great bunch of **HEBREW STORIES** with laughs in every line, with just a shade of a laugh is even the color line. There are plenty, so take your pick. You'll find what you want all right all right.

Monologues, Sketches, Dialect Stories

No. 3 certainly contains the "cream" of monologues. Such an assortment to pick from was never put within your reach before. There must be enough material to make up six or eight crackerjack turns, and consequently you can pick out just what you want and fit in that one of yours you've been working so hard. **IS TRAMP SPECIALTY** there is nothing left for you to do but learn it, wrap it on the stage and get busy. This is so bright you can see the sparks—if the house is dark. When Smock the Tenor Sang, by L. Stanfield, is another clever bit. **MISS WISE AND OTHER-WISE** is a clever sketch for male and female by Lew H. Carroll. Mr. Carroll is well known in the vaudeville world as a stage manager, and as a man to write clever things for shows, and rewrite and put shows in good shape—make a hit out of a frost. That being the case, anything you find in print by Lew H. Carroll you can bet your last meal ticket is all O. K. Following this we offer a great bunch of **HEBREW STORIES** with laughs in every line, with just a shade of a laugh is even the color line. There are plenty, so take your pick. You'll find what you want all right all right.

DUTCH DIALOGUE by the soubrette's pet, Harry Von Tilzer. You all know Harry—"our Harry"—and though he is the acknowledged soubrette's friend it does not mean to interfere with his writing good stage hits, so don't overlook this dialogue. It's funny, very funny—as funny as it would be to see married people happy. **SOME LETTERS** by Geo. Totten Smith, are all clever and each means a good hearty laugh. Can be worked in any old place. A clever sketch entitled **McCONNELLY'S BIRTHDAY** is written by E. P. Moran. This act or sketch is for two males, Dutch and Irish, and in it Mr. Moran has given us some of his very best work. This sketch alone is worth ten times the price of THE PROMPTER, and it is here published for the first time.

Stage Songs

No. 3 contains the words and music of a fine collection of these, among them the vaudeville or concert stage ballad, entitled **IN THAT GOLDEN SUMMER TIME**. Words and music by W. R. Williams, author of She's Good Enough for Me, Dying Girl's Request and many other big hits. This, his latest ballad, is on the **BECAUSE** style, and we think eventually will be one of the hits of the season. **GO TO SLEEP, YOUR MAMMY'S HERE** beside you we positively state is one of the prettiest lullaby songs ever written. Words by Paul Armstrong, music by E. A. Vanalstyne, both writers of hits. This song is a gem of the very first water, and has some of the most beautiful bits of harmony ever composed. It will win more than nine in ten. Do not secure this song AT ONCE. **NIGGER IN THE FENCE** the greatest STOP-BUCK now before the public. Written by Chas. B. Brown, composer of Hottest Ever, Mobile France and others. The complete piano score is given in No. 3 for the first time. Amateur or professional wanting orchestration of this can secure that through THE PROMPTER at 25¢ each.

Editorial Section

The plain talk you'll find in this section to many is worth ten years of their lives. From it you may gain one up that will put you on your feet, and cause you to wonder why you had been staggering all your life. If you don't say they are the best editorials you ever read we will give your money back and you keep the book. How better can we impress upon you the importance of your reading this matter, as—**A WORD TO THE WISE TO AMATEURS AND BEGINNERS**, etc. Another article on **THE ART OF FACIAL MAKE-UP**, by Victor Durand, tells HOW to make up, just what to do, how much and what kind of powder or grease-paint to use, according to the character impersonated. Tells how to make up young, old, lean or fat; remedy a IV defect. **TO AMATEURS** this is of vital importance—to SOME professionalists, also.

We haven't begun to tell you ALL that's in No. 3, as we haven't the room; but the Number will talk for itself. Sent to any address on receipt of

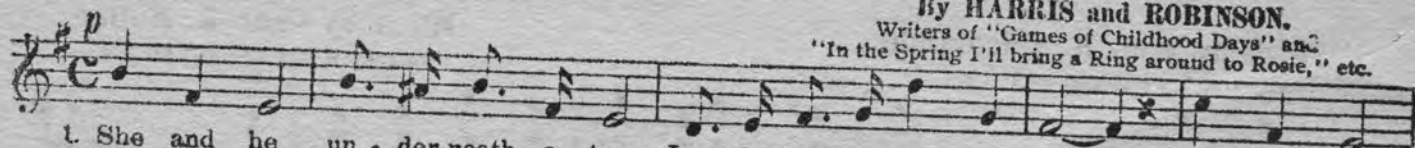
PRICE, 50 CENTS

N.B. We cannot in this small space begin to tell you of the great amount of "red-hot stuff" in THE PROMPTER. You will see it is not written by any ONE man, but is the finest collection of the best efforts of all the recognized authors of stage material. We guarantee that after you have a copy you will not take ten times its original cost for it. There is so much in THE PROMPTER that it will last you many months—parodies, funny bits, get-backs, conversations, monologues, sketches, etc., that you would be willing to pay \$10, \$15, \$25 or \$50 for, according to how much you use. We intend that THE VAUDEVILLE PROMPTER shall sell on its merits—not "hot air." We know if you buy one copy you will buy more. **Send at once. PRICE, 50 CENTS A COPY.**

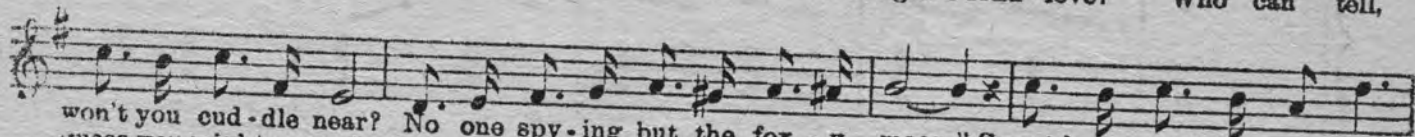
Let's Make Love While the Moon Shines.

By HARRIS and ROBINSON.

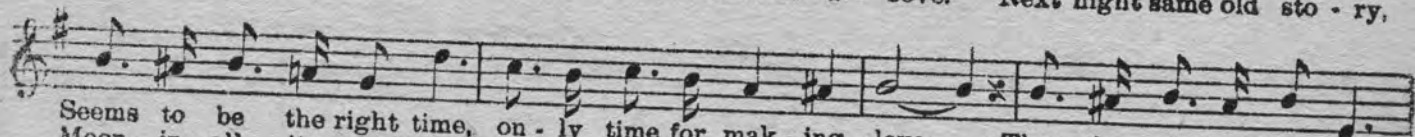
Writers of "Games of Childhood Days" and
"In the Spring I'll bring a Ring around to Rosie," etc.



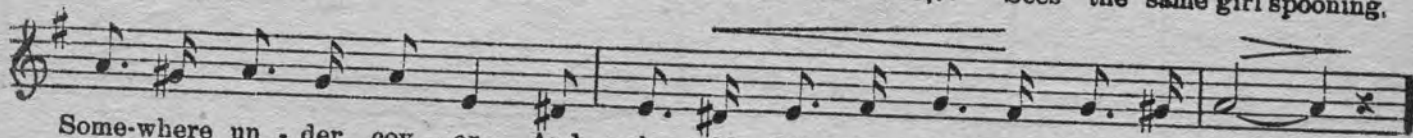
1. She and he un - der-neath a tree, Just the kind of night to spoon; Boy says, "Dear,
2. Night time's past, day-light's come at last, Has he won the girl's fond love? Who can tell,



won't you cud-dle near? No one spy-ing but the fox - y moon." Sweet-hearts wait till night time,
guess you might as well Ask the pret - ty lit - tle stars a - bove. Next night same old sto - ry,

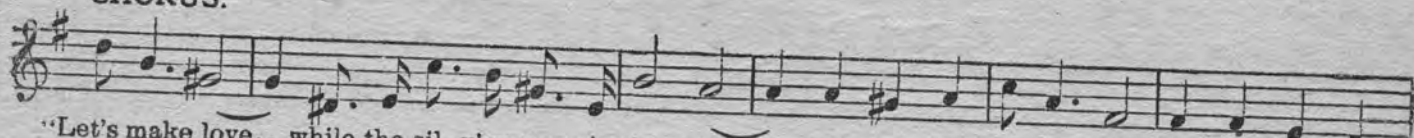


Seems to be the right time, on - ly time for mak - ing love;.. Then they quick-ly hov - er
Moon in all its glo - ry shines up - on the same old tree;.. Sees the same girl spooning.



Some-where un - der cov - er, And sly old Mis - ter Moon hears up a - bove:....
Dif - f'rent boy is croon-ing The ver - y same old love - sick mel - o - dy:.....

CHORUS.



"Let's make love.. while the sil - v'ry moon is shin - ing,.. My hon - ey, let us spoon So Mis - ter



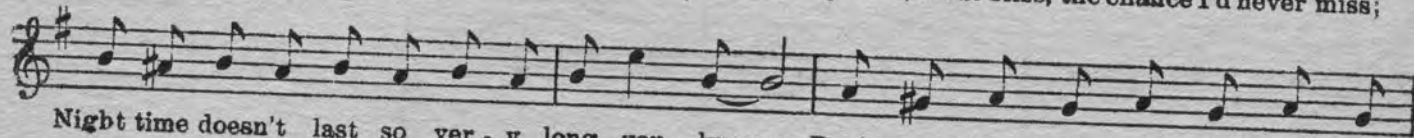
Moon up high Will hear my lull - a - by; Let me say.. sweet-est things you ever heard, dear, And ev - 'ry



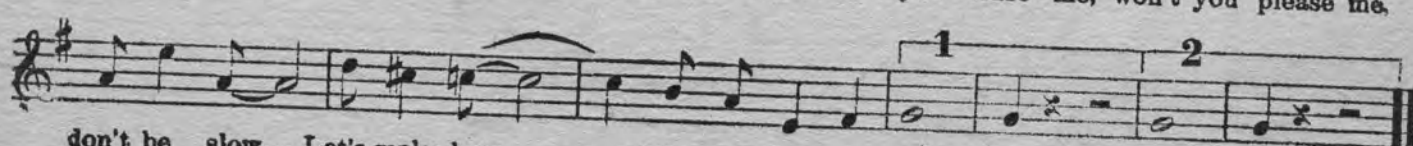
word, dear, will be of love, sweet love, my lit - tle tur-tle-dove; Let us stroll down Lover's-lane to-



geth - er.... My dear-ie, let us share a dain - ty kiss, what bliss, the chance I'd never miss;



Night time doesn't last so ver - y long, you know; Don't you tease me, won't you please me,



don't be slow,.. Let's make love..... while the bright moon shines"....

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shines"....

British copyright secured

CAPTIVATIN' SUE.

Words by Wm. B. Friedlander.
Author of 'The Man with the Jingle.'

Music by Chas. E. Mullen.
Composer of 'The Man with the Jingle.'

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the melody and bass line, ending with a final chord marked 'f'.

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time. The lyrics are: 1. Of all the maids in all the land there's on - ly one I woo, She's I'm 2. Now when we go out walk - ing, up and down the Av - e - nue, I'm

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody from the first system. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time. The lyrics are: won my heart com - plete - ly, has this cap - ti - va - tin' Sue; per - fect - ly con - tent - ed with my cap - ti - va - tin' Sue;

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If you need money get acquainted with "THE MAN WITH THE JINGLE."

She's so pe - tite,
Out in the shade

dress - es so neat,
we prom - en - ade,

White folks and sha - dy
She is a dais - y,

stare at my la - dy; And
sets me half craz - y; The

ev - 'ry Sun - day eve - ning when I call up - on my Sue, All
swell - est coons in town all tip - their hats to her and smile, She

Adelstein' Sue. 4-2

Does your best girl know "THE MAN WITH THE JINGLE?"

dressed up in the swell - est clothes, most ev - 'ry - thing brand new.
 keeps them all a guess - in', but I've got them beat a mile.

It makes a hit, she thinks I'm it,
 Say, on the dead! I lose my head,

That's the time I whis - per to my Sue.....
 When I sing to cap - ti - va - tin' Sue.....

Copyright '24. 4-3.

When down to your last 25 cents send for "THE MAN WITH THE JINGLE."

CHORUS.

Sue - oo - oo, My cap-ti-vat-in' Sue, Don't be un - ru - ly,..... I love you

p-f

tru-ly,..... My dusk-y Sue - oo - oo; I'm wait-in' here for you, You're my

ag - gra-vat - in' cap - ti - vat - in' Sue..... Sue.....

1 2

Captivat'in' Sue. 4-4

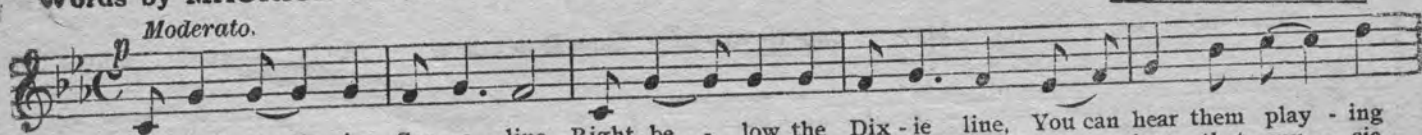
Which would you rather be, a lobster or "THE MAN WITH 'THE JINGLE'"

That Carolina Rag.

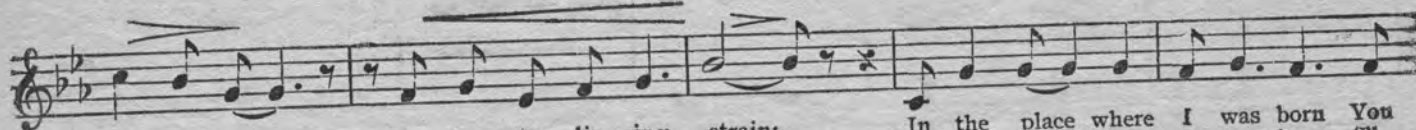
Words by MAURICE BURKHART and JACK COOGAN.

Music by VIOLINSKY

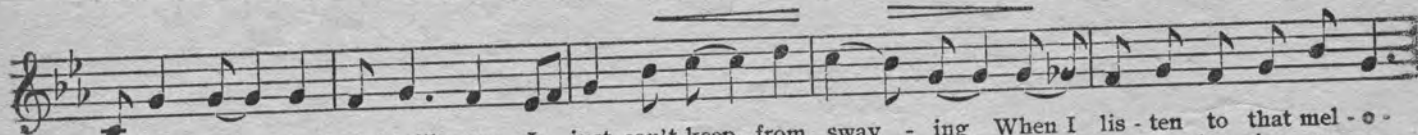
Moderato.



1. 'Way down South in Car-o-line, Right be - low the Dix-ie line, You can hear them play - ing
2. You've heard 'bout your Wag-ner, Strauss, Op-'ra they call Car-men Faust, We keep that mu - sic



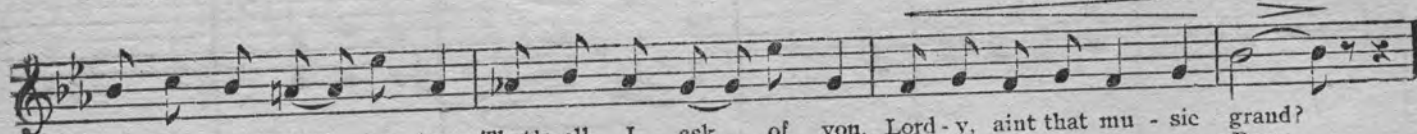
all the time, A tan - ta - liz - ing strain; In the place where I was born You
in our house, But it is nev - er played; On - ly tune that you can hear, The



hear that tune from night till morn, I just can't keep from sway - ing When I lis - ten to that mel - o -
one that lin - gers in your ear, The one that fills your heart with cheer, That ev - er lov - ing ser - e -

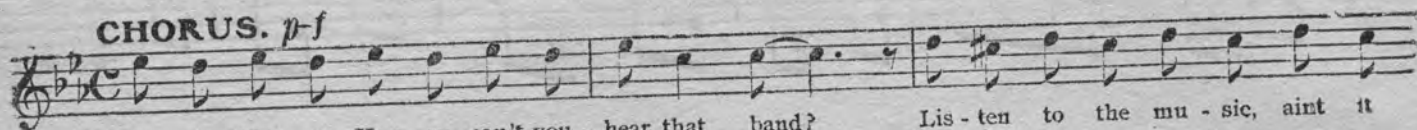


dy;... No tune can mate it, dear, So syn-co - pa - ted, dear, Won't you lis - ten to that band?
nade;.. Mendelssohn's strain is grand, But lis - ten to the band, If you want a mu - sic - jag,



Just have a note or two, That's all I ask of you, Lord - y, aint that mu - sic grand?
You take a tip from me, Just hum that mel - o - dy Of the Car - o - li - na Rag.

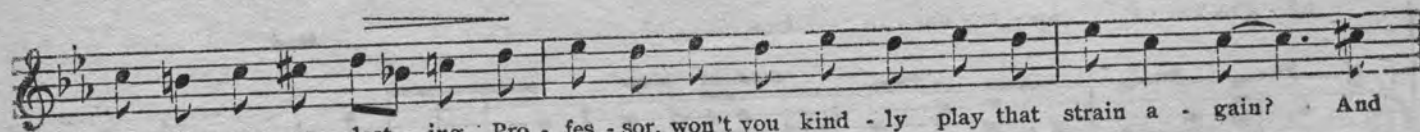
CHORUS. *p-f*



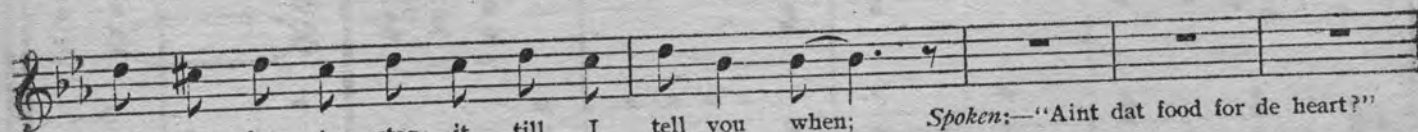
Hon - ey, Hon - ey, Hon - ey, can't you hear that band? Lis - ten to the mu - sic, aint it



sim - ply grand? It's so en - tran - cing, It starts me dane - ing, Oh! Oh!

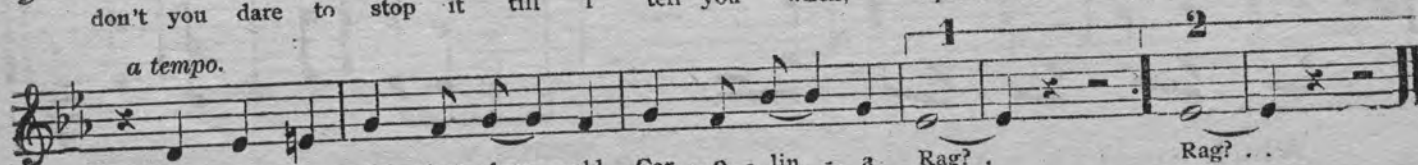


make it ev - er - last - ing, Pro - fes - sor, won't you kind - ly play that strain a - gain? And



don't you dare to stop it till I tell you when; *Spoken:*—"Aint dat food for de heart?"

a tempo.



Oh, won't you play that dear old Car - o - lin - a Rag? . Rag? .

CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

Andante

Words & Music by Floyd Thompson



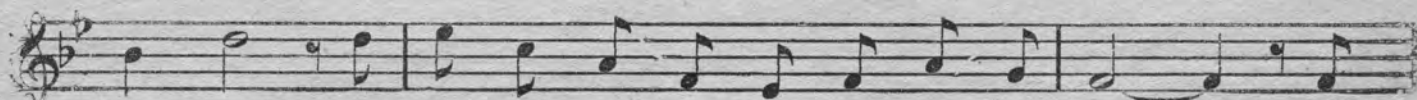
1. To-night I'm dream-ing of the dear old home-stead, I'm lone-ly for one kind and lov-ing
2. I seem to hear my sweet-heart soft-ly say-ing: "I need your love to guide me thro' life's



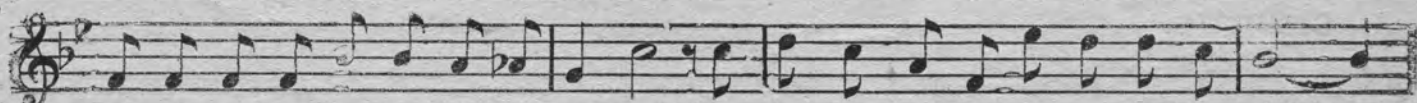
face,..... I long to see the mead-ows in the moon-light, I
storm,".... I hear a-gain the bells so sweet-ly ring-ing, They're



yearn for ev-'ry un-for-got-ten place;.... I close my eyes and see the mis-pis-
call-ing folks to church on Sun-day morn;.... I see the cows come slow-ly home from

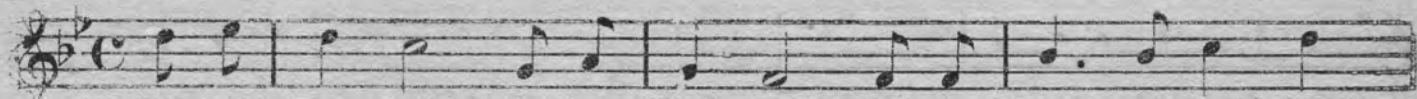


way-ing, I seem to hear the coo-ing of the dove;..... I
cas-ture I hear their gen-tle low-ing in the lane;..... I'm



pic-ture then a field of clo-ver blos-soms, And dream I'm roam-ing thro' them with my love.....
go-ing back to see the folks to-mor-row, I'm go-ing thro' those clo-ver fields a-gain.....

CHORUS



Clo-ver blos-soms clo-ver blos-soms Bath-ing in the pale moon-



light, Fill my heart with ten-der long-ing For that dear old home to-



night,.... Oh I pon-der why I wan-der From the scenes so pure and



bright, .. And the lit-tle girl who's wait-ing In the field of red and white....

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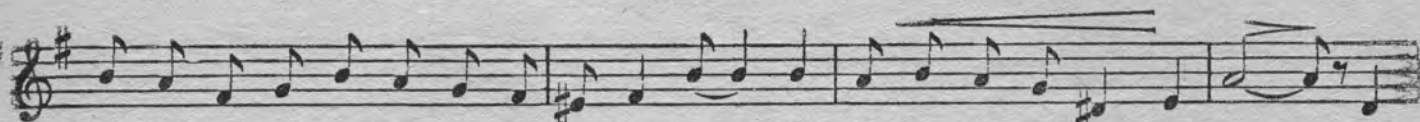
Some of These Days.

By SHELTON BR

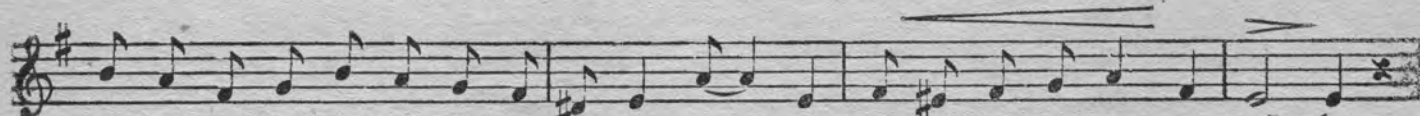
Author of "You ain't talking to me"



1. Two sweet-hearts court-ed hap - pi - ly for quite a while 'Midst sim - ple life of coun - try folk;
2. The lit - tle girl - ie, feel - ing blue, said, "I'll go, too, And show him two can play this game."



When the lad told girl - ie he must go a - way, Her lit - tle heart with grief 'most broke. She
When her hon - ey heard this mel - an - choly news, He quick - ly came back home a - gain. But



said, "You know it's true I love you best of all, So, hon - ey, don't you go a - way;"
when he reached the house he found his girl was gone, So down he rush - es to the train;



Just as he went to go, it grieved the girl - ie so, These words he heard her say:
While it was pull - ing out, he heard his girl - ie shout This lov - ing, sweet re - frain:

CHORUS.



"Some of these days..... you'll miss me, hon ey,..... Some of these



days.... you'll feel so lone - ly,..... You'll miss my hug - ging,.... You'll miss my



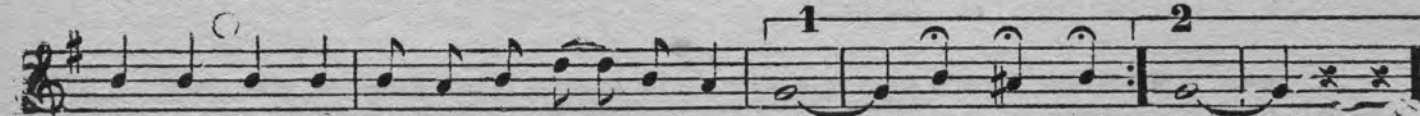
kiss - ing..... You'll miss me, hon - ey,..... When you go a - way..... I feel so



lone - ly..... Just for you on - ly,..... For you know, hon - ey,.... You've had your



way,.... And when you leave me,.... I know 'twill grieve me,.... You'll miss your lit - tle



dad, dad, dad, dad, dad - y, Yes, some of these day.".... "Some of these days."....

When Lucy Sings That Lucia Tune.

Moderato.

Words and Music by FRANCIS C. WESTPHAL.

1. I've heard a lot of rag-time tunes, But they don't sound good to me, Those songs 'bout sil - v'ry
2. I'm lone-some when I hear that song, And it makes me want to cry, And then I feel I

moons and coons, Are things I nev - er could see,.... But there is one great big grand
want to laugh, I laugh and then I sigh,.... In - deed it keeps me wish - ing

op - 'ra tune That I pos - 'tive - ly a - dore; My Lu - cy gal used to
all the time That I was back home a - gain; I'm home - sick just to

play it for me, When I lived in Bal - ti - more. When I hear a band Play that
hear my gal Play me that sweet re - frain; I'm a daf - fy coon, When I

mu - sic grand, I think a - bout my hon - ey gal in Mar - ry - land.
hear that tune, I want to see my hon - ey ba - by might - y soon

CHORUS. *Slow march time.*

When... the band starts play - ing That mu - sic soft and grand, I feel a

fun - ny feel - ing Might - y hard to un - der - stand, It make me feel like danc - ing

home;.... My tho'ts are stray - ing, I'm goin' to leave to - mor - row noon,.... I'm go - in'

back, back, to Bal - ti - more,.... If I don't I'll sure go cra - zy, To

hear my lit - tle dai - sy Lu - cy sing that Lu - cia tune....

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ALEXANDER'S RAG TIME BAND

Hebrew Parody--by Roger Lewis

Feel so funny, feel so funny,
My head is almost breaking;
I am swollen, I am swollen,
From my head to my feet,
Oi, I can't re-seat.
Took my Beckie, took my Beckie)
To see old Patrick Casey's
Tough band, brass band
And I sure got in wrong.

CHORUS

I went to hear, I went to hear
Patrick Casey's rag time band;
When I went near, when I went near,
I had an orange in my hand.
Then they played the bugle call
Like I never heard before,
It brought a thousand tough guys
Then it brought a thousand more.
They were the toughest in the land, "Not honey lambs."
That they loved me, that they loved me
Twas a cinch to understand;
One took my hair, one took my nose
And some others took my hand,
And they kicked me where the
Swaunee River flows in rag time;
When I went near, when I went near
Patrick Casey's rag time band.

ALL ALONE

Parody--by Roger Lewis

I was hungry, awfully hungry, hungry as could be,
Missed my lunch and breakfast too,
Thought I'd get an oyster stew;
So I wandered into Childs and ordered one, you see;
There was one oyster in the stew
And he looked good to me;
With a soup drop in his eye
I thought I heard him sadly cry:

CHORUS

"I'm all alone, all alone, nobody here but me
I've a little brother, he is in another,
Ma she told us never to get "stewed" together".
In it there I saw a hair,
The waitress said was her own;
I got up and beat it, for I could not eat it;
In the stew I left it all alone.

SOMEWHERE THIS SUMMER WITH YOU

Parody--by Roger Lewis

Brown sent his wife to the country last year,
She had a great time out there, so we hear;
When she came back to her home in the Fall,
She didn't care for her hubbie at all.
This year again she was going away,
She told her husband at home he must stay;
Hubbie says, "No, wifie, I'm on to you,
Wherever you go, why I'm going too".

CHORUS

"Somewhere this summer with you,
I'll be there too, right there with you;
Oh, say, the things you will do
You'll have to do them with me.
I've been too slow but now I know
I'll be with you go.
I'll be with you myself
Somewhere this summer with you"

THINK IT OVER, MARY

PARODY

A dancing girl named Mary
For dancing won renown;
Then she there was no slicker kicker.
She was a fly one, every kick it was a high one;
Once she kicked six feet seven,
Twas far above her head;
She said, "Each drink will make me kick higher still".
Then everybody said:

CHORUS

"Drink another Mary,
If that makes you kick;
Way up there in the airy, Mary,
Do that trick, dear.
For I love to see high kicking;
If the first drink, Mary,
Just one glass of beer,
Has caused you to kick six feet seven;
One more drink and you'll kick 'leven;
Drink another, Mary dear".

ANY LITTLE GIRL THAT'S A NICE LITTLE GIRL IS THE RIGHT LITTLE GIRL FOR ME

Hebrew Parody

Now Abie Cohn went all alone upon a railroad train;
A girl he knew was riding too and there they met again;
He said, "Where is your sister, Liz, the girl I was to wed?"
The maid so nice said, "She's on ice in the baggage coach ahead"

CHORUS

"Any little girl what's on ice, little girl,
Is not the right little girl for me;
She don't have to look like a beef on a hook
In a butcher shop, you see;
Now a girl what's live as live can be
Makes a fine m-a-t-e.
But any little girl what's on ice, little girl,
Is not the right little girl for me".

OCEANA ROLL

Parody--by Roger Lewis

Anna and Fred they were recently wed,
So they got a funny notion to go sailing on the ocean,
On their honey mooning trip.
When they got upon the big steamship,
They ordered up a dinner that was certainly a winner,
Lobster, steak and soup and old Vienna rolls;
They finished with wine that was tasty and fine,
And round the deck they started to stroll.

CHORUS

As they left the deck the boat began to rock,
They started in complaining, couldn't stand the shock;
And as the big boat turned they felt their stomachs churn,
To be back on land they badly yearned,
They both turned pale and leaned against the rail.
Now into the ocean see their supper sail,
The fish had all their wishes, got a lot of fancy dishes;
First came the soup from Anna, then came a chopped
Then came the old Vienna Roll. [bannana,]

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PUT ME IN MY BATHTUB

Words by Irving B. Lee Music by W. R. Williams
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When the summer sun is scorching, and there's not a breath of breeze;
And the mercury is rising, and you're roasting by degrees;
When our lovely little city, feels like a frying pan,
And everybody's swearing at the poor old weather man:

Chorus

Just put me in my bath tub, and let the water run;
Turn on that big electric fan, and shade me from the sun:

Connect me with the ice house, and hold them on the line,

And I don't care what becomes of me, in the good old summer time.

Oh! they soak you in the country, for shade beneath trees;
And they soak you at the seashore, for the water and the breeze;

That noise might go for Sweeney, but it does not go for me;
I get the same things right at home, and all of it is free:

THAT INDIAN RAG

Words by Marvin Lee Music by Donald Bestor
Copyright 1910 by Will Rossiter

Way out west, where the Indians dwell,
Where the coyotes howl and yell,
Everybody's singing a new ragtime tune,
Lovingest of melodies you will hear them croon,
Fire water starts them on an Indian jag, then you will hear them singing loud that Indian Rag.

Eeow! Eeow! Eeow! Eeow! heap much Indian Rag,
War dance in ragtime, squaw dance in ragtime, that's that Indian Rag.

Chorus

Red man sing that Indian Rag, beat that tom tom, don't let it lag,

Heap much tune that's heap much nice, tomahawks no cut no ice,

Hoop la! heap much Indian man, do that dance as long as you can,

Hear those Indians shout heap much crazy about Eeow, eeow! that Indian Rag.

Cowboy's stole into camp one night, while the camp fires burned so bright;

And they went unto the Big Chief's white tepee, Indians were as much afraid as they could be,

In each hand each cowboy flashed a great big gun, one said: "Boys, let's shoot and see the Indians run,

Eeow! Eeow! Eeow! Eeow! make them dance up a rag.
Come on you red men, or you'll be dead men sing that Indian Rag.

WHEN MADAM TETRAZIN SINGS CIRIBIRIBIN

Words by Will J. Harris Music by Harry I. Robinson
Copyright 1910 by Will Rossiter

Last week I see vod'vil show, at music hall you know, but there no more I go,

Big bleach blonde she come a out, coon a song she shout, don't like it much, oh no, no,

That day I get surprise, see with my own eyes, great big advertise,

It say Tetrazin will sing a Ciribiribin, at Hammerstein's opera house tonight

To hear Tetrazin I go and I spend alla of my deugh.

Chorus

When I hear Madam Tetrazin she sings that "Ciribiribin"
Oh boys she setto me wild I cry like the child,

She look-a just a like a queen, then I throw one a big a kiss
When she sings just a like a this,

Oh! Ciribiribin che belnasin che beidentin che beibocchia
Some guy cracked me on the lid, cause I yelled out "oh! you kid"

Just when my Madam Tetrazin sings a "Ciribiribin."

For Complete Sheet Music of ANY Song, send 25c (for 2c stamps) to Will Rossiter, Music Pub., Chicago 1021

Parody on

"Down Among the Sugar Cane"

By Marvin Lee.

Down among the sugar cane near dear old New Orleans,
Oh, oh, my!

I was strolling long the road observing pretty scenes,
Oh, oh, my!

Suddenly two hold-up men said: "Throw up your hands!"
I made them believe that I could not understand.

With a piece of sugar cane on my poor head they'd land,
Oh, oh, my!

Chorus

I could see bright stars afalling,
Falling all around me there.

For help I was loudly calling;

But to help no one would dare.

All my life I shall remember

How their blows had caused me pain.

And I felt funny; they took all my money

When they soaked me with the sugar cane.

Parody on

MY LITTLE KANGAROO

By Marvin Lee.

Nearby in old New York town,
A lady Lou-oo wore dresses new-oo.

Each day as she went walking,

Folks started talking about her, too.

"We love your dress but, Oh! you shape!"

They yelled out on the street.

It seems they didn't fear her

When they were near her, then they'd entreat

Chorus

Oh! you old kangaroo,

Go, change your shape, now, do.

That is an old style, too;

So take advice from me, back to the factory.

Gee! don't it make you blue

To have all eyes on you?

Go wear a style that's new

'Stead of a kangaroo.

HAS ANYBODY GOT A KISS TO SPARE?

Words by Gus Kahn Music by Grace Le Boy
Copyright 1910 by Will Rossiter

I've heard so much about this kissing game, it seems a shame I never came

Across a soul who cared to kiss me;

Somehow those things always miss me

Even as a kid, when I played in kissing games,

I always tended door, and called out the kissers' names;

But if for just a tiny one I ever dared to try,

I was coldly told to kiss myself good-bye.

Chorus

Has anybody got a kiss to spare, I'd like a little kiss or two or three or four or more

The sips of honeyed lips I never knew, so any old kind of a kiss will do,

I'm looking for a Miss who is looking for a kiss, a tiny little kiss you'll never miss.

If anybody's got a kiss to spare say "Yes" for I have loads of them to spare for you.

When I see some one give a child a kiss, I think what bliss

I'm doomed to miss,

And how I long to be a baby, for then some one would kiss me maybe.

Gee! I'd like to be that brave fellow in the play.

Who loves the pretty girl and in each act goes away;

Then when I kissed my love "Good-bye" I'd set the critics wild;

For I'd make that "Soul-kiss look quite meek and mild.



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Musical Finale to Last Act of Real Irish
A Smart Little Bit of a Man.
Peek-a-hoo-Tra-La-Loo.
There's a Silvery Lining to Every Cloud.
Old Glory.
Shy Bessie Merrill. [After All
There's No Place Like the Old Home
While the Dance Goes On. [Loves You
When You Know the Girl You Love,
My Pearl's a Bowery Girl.
Elaine.

A Captain's Wife.
Dolly Brown.
When the Robins Sing and Whistle.
My Irene.
The Sidewalks of New York.
Little Nora Malone.
Oh What a Funny Feeling.
Girl Wanted.
The Tattoo on the Arm.
A Cruel Hiss.
Isn't the Baby Cute?
Keep Your Eye on Duff.
Sweet Adelaine.
Jenny Darling.
Friends.
The Old City Flat.
Let Me Not Plead in Vain!
If I Were Home To-Night.
My Girl.
Give Him a Welcome Home.
Not on Your Life, says Dolan.
When Baby Sweetly Smiles.
Give Him a Welcome Home.
A Cute Baby Boy.
The Fatal Wedding.
He Couldn't Kill the Moth.
That Tired Feeling.
A Picture of My Daddy When a Boy.
Once My Wife, But Now a Stranger.
Dolly the Creamery Maid.
Goody, Goody Girls.
On the Bowery After Ten O'Clock at Night.
Who Loves Me the Best?
Keep the Old Homestead.
The Contents of that Letter Called Me Home.
To that City Where We Hope to Meet Again.
I Am Dreaming. [In Chicago.
Old Slack's Coon that Broke the Crap Game
While Up in the Great Ferris Wheel.
They're Coming to the Fair.
Divorced.
Willie, Willie.
Love Me Little.
I Can't Resist You. On the Midway.
When You're Single.
He Never Cares to Wander.
My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon.
Two Little Girls in Blue.
Bowery.
After the Ball.
The Rowdy, Dowdy Boys.
Do, Do, My Huckleberry, Do.
Questions that I'd Rather Not Decide.
Song of all Nations.
It Don't Seem Like the Same Old Smile.
Sweet Jennie June.
America's Heart.
Dancing the Two-Step With Lulu.
Just a Plain American Girl.
Will You Love Me, Sweetheart, When I'm Old?
When She's Just About to Fail.

Take a Sent, Old Lady.
She Was a Soldier's Sweetheart.
Dainty Daisie Day.
The Rainbow.
Physical Culture Girl.
I Spy, Little Girl.
And I'm His Little Mary.
The Modern Ideal Girl.
I'll Be Your Sweetheart, if You'll Only
Forgive and Be Friends Once More.
Companions When Men.
Says Aaron to Moses.
I Got It on the Pom Pom Pom.
Naughty Doings on the Midway Restaurant.
Some One's Father.
The Duchess of Mulberry Lane.
I'm a Girl Who Could Do It Out of Sight.
She's More Than 7.
Margaret.
Springfield Mountains.
The Little Scribbled Note.
As the Ship Sailed Away From Old Ireland.
She's the Only Girl I Love.
The Sweetest Girl in Town.
Don't be Angry, Sweetheart.
I Couldn't Refuse Them My Darling.
Farewell.
When Mamma Was a Little Girl.
On State Street To-Night.
Maloney, the Kolling Mill Man.
Jenny and Joe.
She May Have Seen Better Days.
Paradise Alley.
The Songs my Mammy Sang.
The Dying Girl's Request.
Sweet Nell Shannon.
She's Good Enough for Me.
Better than Gold.
Send Back the Picture and the Ring.
Let Me Bring My Clothes Back Home.
Those Wedding Bells Shall Not Ring Again.
Two Sweethearts of Mine.
Only a Faded Rose.
Only One Girl in the World for Me.
How McGarty Rode the Wheel.
Have You Seen Her?
McFogarty's Reception.
Just Tell Them That You Saw Me.
Wearing the Green.
Nuff Said.
Cinderella White.
There's no Coon That's One-Half So Warm.
When Lovers Prove Unkind.
Miss Brown's in Town.
Let Me Kiss Your Tears Away.
On the Banks of the Wabash.
I Love Her Just the Same.
I Don't Like no Cheap Man.
The Men Behind the Guns.
To the Modern Battleship.
Hot Time for Spain To-Night.
I Want a Real Coon.
Your Key Don't Fit This Lock No More.
Don't Quarrel with Your Sweetheart.
Some Day Perhaps You'll Know.
Though We Part, I'll Not Forget You.
I'm Happy, My Baby's Come to Town.
I Wonder if They Care to See Me Now.
You're Too Good to Lose.

Don't You Be My Sweetheart!
Side of the Ball.
Little Dora Dell.
McGulgan is Looking for You.
You Can't Repay Your Mother.
Sweet Tillie Taylor.
When You Know the Girl You Love, Loves You
in the Flat Up Stairs.
The Cat Came Back.
Life is Too Short.
The Fatal Wedding.
The Ship I Love.
I Love My Love in the Springtime.
Bill His Whiskers Grew.
Maggie Mooney.
A Lock of Gold and Grey.
Little Sweetheart.
Lady Margaret.
Not on Your Life, Says Mary.
He's Got Feathers in His Hat.
The Fair at Chicago's a Frost.
Keep Those Golden Gates Wide Open.
Samuel Come Kiss Your Honey Boy.
Am Toolan.
Her Eyes Don't Shine Like Diamonds.
Trilby, or, You Must Have a Trilby Foot.
Geographical Poem.
Must Learn to Forget You.
Now He's Sorry That He Spoke.
Blence is Golden.
There are Moments.
After the Fair.
Don't Lose Me, Charlie.
On the Midway.
The Girl I Love. [Back.
And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her
The Little Bunch of Whiskers on His Chin.
The Boarding House.
Story of a Rube.
He Disappeared from View.
The Watermelon Party.
Am Gwine to Marry Missa Tuscalina Brown.
Tom's Wedding Day.
Call the Next Witness.
Just as We Used to Be.
Sweet Kathleen.
Astray.
The Walter Girls.
He Didn't Think She'd Do It, But She Did.
Song of All Songs.
The Nonsensical Nursery Rhymes.
The Columbian Light Brigade.
Mummy Atkins.
Standing on the Corner, Didn't Mean No Harm
I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.
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A: "Bawlin'."

Q: Why is a new-born baby called a storm?

A: Because it begins with a howl.

Q: What is a good definition of nonsense?

A: Nothing a door with a closed ear can hear.

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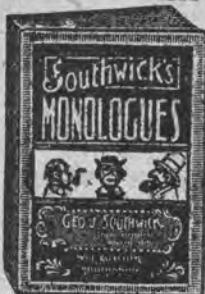


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